

## protection by professortennant

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**Summary:**

Joyce Byers doesn't need protection.

Except Jim Hopper is big and warm and physical and cradles her body against him like she's made of glass, like he'd shield her from flying shrapnel or stray bullets.

## protection

Joyce Byers can handle herself; can protect her family. She has held her family together with strands of tape and sheer determination. She has endured in the face of mockery and persisted against doubt.

She doesn't need protection.

Except Jim Hopper is big and warm and physical and cradles her body against him like she's made of glass, like he'd shield her from flying shrapnel or stray bullets. Jim picks her up easily, encourages her to wrap her legs around his legs, presses her into the wall, caging her body between his and the wall: safe, secure, protected.

She's a fireball in his arms and she bites and nips and scratches at his skin. He holds her steady, groaning at the feel of her in his arms. There are no stumbling steps or unsure movements as he takes them into her bedroom—they are a steady sail, his arms not shaking or straining with the weight of her.

When they get to her bedroom, he presses her down into the mattress, covers her tiny frame with his and the heavy, warm weight of him on top of her thrills her, warms something long-cold inside of her heart.

They make love slowly at first, but her gasps into his ear, her soft curses filling the room spurs them both on and he's behind her, pushing inside of her, his thrusts creating waves of pleasure. She climaxes first and he follows close behind, spilling himself inside her, warm and wet and satiated.

Joyce crawls to the center of the bed and Jim chuckles behind her, collapsing beside her. She presses herself against his side, nuzzling at his chest. His hand strokes through her hair and he presses a kiss to her hair, soft and gentle.

"Not quite like it was in high school." His words rumble in his chest beneath her ear and she grins, turning her head slightly and kissing just above his nipple.

Humming appreciatively, she says, “You’ve picked up some new moves, Chief Hopper.”

His laughter and the blush on his cheeks soothes something inside of her, makes her feel strong.

No, she doesn’t need protection, doesn’t need his strong arms or steady hands. She needs him.

**Author's Note:**

hey come find me on tumblr for more i guess